Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune,and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke deſpaire againſt my ſelfe,
And to my ſelfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches,now the roote is witherd
Why wither not the leaues,the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if dye, be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects,follow him
To his new Kingdome of perpetuall reſt.

Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two mirrours of his Princely ſemblance,
Are craċt in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which grieues me when I ſee my ſhame in him,
Thou art a widdow,yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluct two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward, and *Clarence*, O what cauſe haue I,
Then,being but moity of my ſelfe,
To ouergoe thy plaints,and drowne thy cries?

Boy, Good aunt, you wept not for my fathers death,
How can we ayd you with our kindreds teares?

Girl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation.
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry Moone,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

Ambo

Ambo. Oh for our father for our deare Lord

Dut. Alas for both,both mine *Edward* and C

Qu. What ſtay Had I but *Edward*,and he is

Ambo. What ſtay had we but *Clarence*,and

Dut. What ſtay had I,but they,and they ar

Qu. Was euer widow, had ſo deare a loſſe?

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had ſo deare a loſ

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer loſſe
Alaſſe I am the mother of theſe moanes,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for *Edward* weepes,and ſo doe I;
I for a *Clarence* weepe, ſo doth not ſhe:
Theſe babes for *Clarence* weepe and ſo doe I,
I for an *Edward* weepe,and ſo doe they,
Alas,you three on me threefold diſtreſt.
Powre all your teares,I am your ſorrows nurſ
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Glo. Maddam haue comfort,all of vs haue ca
To waile the dimming of our ſhining ſtarre:
But none can cure their harmes by wayling the
Maddam my mother,I doe cry you mercy,
I did not ſee yor Grace,humbly on my knee
I craue your bleſſing.

Dut. God bleſſe thee,and put meekeneſſe i
Loue,charity,obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen,make me to dye a good old ma
Thats the butt end of my mothers bleſſing,
I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out!

Buc, You cloudy Princes, and heart ſorrowi
That beare this mutuall heauy loade of moan
Now cheare each other in each others loue:
Though we haue ſpent our harueſt for this Ki
We are to reape the harueſt of his ſonne:
The broken rancour of your high ſwolne hear
But laſtly ſplinted,knit,and ioynd together,
Muſt greatly be preſerud,cheriſht,and kept,
Me ſeemeth good that with ſome little traine
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be f
Hither to *London* to be Crownd our King.